

LAS VEGAS GAZETTE.

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Las Vegas Gazette.

LOUIS HOMMEL,

Editor & Publisher.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.]

One copy, one year, \$4 00
One copy, six months, 2 50
One copy, three months, 1 50

No subscription will be received for less than three months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, each square, \$2 00
Subsequent insertions, each square, 1 50

One square is equal to one inch of space.

Yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal discount.

Transient advertisements will have to be paid in advance.

Advertisements not stating the number of insertions, will be continued at our option and charged accordingly.

All communications devoid of interest to the public, or intended to promote private interests, will be charged as advertisements, and payment required in advance. If persons in character, we reserve the right to reject any such article or advertisement.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.—The Post Office will be open daily, except Sundays, from 7:30 A. M. until 9 P. M. Sundays from 7:30 to 8:30 A. M.

MAIL CLOSING DAILY.

Eastern at 9 P. M.
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Letters for registration will not be received after 4 P. M.

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School Commissioners, Severo Baca, Benigno Jaramillo, Lorenzo Labadi and Manuel Barcia.

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Las Vegas Gazette.

—:O:—

The GAZETTE will henceforth be published every Saturday, at Las Vegas N. M., as a twenty four column weekly newspaper. It will be

INDEPENDENT

In Everything, but

Neutral in Nothing.

It will have in view the greater good of the greater number; the progress and best interest of the city of

LAS VEGAS

and San Miguel County, in particular, and of the Territory of

NEW MEXICO,

in general. It will sympathize with no party or exponents of parties; but will fearlessly strive to see New Mexico vindicated from foul and unjust falsification.

The
Pastoral,
Agricultural and

Mineral Resources

OF

NEW MEXICO

Will always find a steady
Advocate in the
GAZETTE.

And communications, in relation to the development of these resources are respectfully solicited.

To enable us to put the GAZETTE on a permanent footing and prosperity as well as to help us to make it one of the, if not THE LEADING JOURNAL of New Mexico, we request our friends, near and afar, to use that slight exertion on their part which will soon give us the largest subscription list in the Territory.

To persons who are willing to send us clubs, or act as our agents in the different towns or counties, in as well as outside of the Territory, we offer the following rates.

CLUB RATES.

One Copy, \$4 00
Five Copies, 18 00
Ten Copies, 32 00
Twenty Copies, 60 00

LOUIS HOMMEL,

Editor and Publisher,
Las Vegas, N. M.

SHAVING A MILLIONAIRE.

Everybody who lives in New Jersey will recollect Billy Gibbons, the millionaire. He was an eccentric man, and numerous stories are told of his freaks. Here is one of them: It seems that Billy, while in a country village, in which he owned some property, stepped into a barber shop to get shaved. The shop was full of customers and the old gentleman quietly waited for his turn.

A customer who was under the barber's hands when the old gentleman came in asked the "knight of the razor," in an undertone, if he knew who that was? and, on receiving a negative reply, he informed him in a whisper, it was "Old Billy Gibbons, the richest man in the State."

"Gad," said the barber, "I'll charge him for his shave."

Accordingly, after the old man had the operation performed, he was somewhat surprised, upon asking the price, to be told "seventy-five cents."

"Seventy-five cents," said he, quietly, "isn't that rather a high price?"

"It's my price," said he of the lather brush, independently, "and this is the only barber's shop in the place, then as come into it must pay what I ask."

To the old man this was evidently a knock-down argument, for he drew three-quarters of a dollar from his pocket, paid them over to the barber, and left the shop.

A short time after this he was in close conversation with the landlord of a tavern hard by, and the topic of the conversation was "barber shops."

"Why is it," said he, "there's only one barber's shop in town? There seems to be nearly work for two."

"Well, there used to be two," said the landlord, "till last winter, when this new man came up from the city and opened a new shop, and, as everything in it was fresh and new, folks sort of deserted Bill Harrington's shop, which had been going on for nearly fourteen years."

"But didn't this Bill do good work? Didn't he shave well and—cheap?"

"Well, as for that," said the landlord, "Bill did his work well enough, but his shop wasn't on the main street like the new one, and didn't have so many pictures and handsome curtains, and all of the folks got in the way of thinking the new one was more scientific and brought more city fashion with him, though to tell the truth," said the landlord, striking a chin down with a beard resembling screen wire, "I never want a lighter touch or a keener razor than Bill Harrington's."

"City fashion—eh?" growled the old man. "So the new man's city fashions shut up the other barber's shop?"

"Well, not exactly," said the landlord, "though things never did seem to go well with Bill after the new shop opened; first one of his little children died of fever; then his wife was sick a long time, and Bill had a big bill to pay at the doctor's; then as a last misfortune his shop was burned down one night, tools, brushes, furniture and all, and no insurance."

"Well," said the old man, pettishly, "why didn't he start again?"

"Start again?" said the communicative landlord; "why, bless your soul, he hasn't got anything to start with."

"H—m—m! Where does this man live?" asked the old man.

He was directed, and ere long was in conversation with the unfortunate tenant, who corroborated the landlord's story.

Why don't you take a new shop? asked the old man; there's a new one in the block opposite the other barber's shop.

What, said the other, you must be crazy. Why, that belongs to old Billy Gibbons; he'd never let one of those stores for a barber shop; they are a mighty sight too good; besides that I haven't got twenty dollars in the world to fit it up with.

You don't know old Billy Gibbons as well as I do, said the other. Now listen. If you can have that shop all fitted up, rent free, what will you work in it for by the month? what is the least you can live on?

The proposition somewhat startled

the unfortunate hair-dresser, who finally found words to stammer out that twelve or fifteen dollars a month would do.

Pshaw! said the old man; that will not do. Now listen to me—I'll give you that store, rent free, one year, and engage your services six months all on these conditions: You are to shave and cut hair for everybody that applies to you, and take no pay, just charge it to me and for your services I'll pay you twenty-dollars a month, payable in advance—pay to commence now, continued he, placing two ten dollars notes on the table before the astonished barber, who, it is almost unnecessary to state, accepted the proposition, and who was still more surprised to learn that it was Billy Gibbons himself that had hired him.

In a few days the inhabitants of that village were astonished by the appearance of a splendid new barber shop, far surpassing the other in elegance of appointments, and in which, with new mugs, soap, razors, and perfumes, stood a barber and assistant ready to do duty on the heads and beards of the people. Over the door was inscribed "William Harrington, Shaving and Hair Dressing Saloon."

The people were not long in ascertaining or slow in availing themselves of the privileges of this establishment, and it is not to be wondered that it was crowded and the other deserted. The other held out some weeks, suspecting this free shaving—for Bill kept his secret well—was but a dodge to entice customers away, who would soon be charged at usual, but when at the end of six weeks he found Billy working away as usual, charging not a cent for his labor, and having money to spend in the bargain, he came to the conclusion that he must have drawn a prize in the lottery, or stumbled upon a gold mine, and was keeping a barber shop for fun, so he closed the barber shop in despair and left the place.

Meanwhile, "Billy Harrington" kept on busy as a bee, and one fine morning his employer stepped in, and, without a word, sat down and was shaved; on rising from his seat he asked to see the score for the six months past. The barber exhibited it, and after a careful calculation the old man said:

"Plenty of customers, eh?"

"Lots of 'em," said the barber; "never did such business in my life."

"Well," replied Money Bags, you have kept the account well. I see I have paid you one hundred and twenty dollars for your services—all right—and there are three hundred and thirty charged for shaving; all that applied; now, this furniture cost me one hundred and eight dollars; balance due you one hundred and two dollars. Here it is. Now you own this furniture, and are to have this shop rent free six months longer, and after to-day are to charge the regular price for work, for your pay from me stops to-day.

This, of course, the barber gladly assented to.

But, said the old man, on leaving take care you never cheat a man by charging ten times the usual price for a shave; for it may be another old Billy Gibbons.

MARK TWAIN.

Mark Twain was entertained at dinner by Whitefriars Club, London, at the Mire Tavern, on the evening of August 6th. In reply to the toast in his honor, Mark thus spoke:

GENTLEMEN: I thank you very heartily indeed for this expression of kindness towards me. What I have done for England and civilization in the arduous affairs which I have engaged in—that is good—that is so smooth that I will say it again and again, that I have done for England and for civilization in the arduous part I have performed, I have done with a single-hearted devotion and with no hope of reward. I am proud, very proud, that it was reserved for me to find Dr. Livingstone, and for Mr. Stanley to get all the credit. (Laughter.) I hunted for that man in Africa all over seventy-five or one hundred parishes, thousands and thousands of miles in the

wilds and deserts; all over the place, sometimes riding negroes, and sometimes traveling by rail. I didn't mind the rail or any thing else so that I didn't come in for the tar and feathers. I found that man at Ujiji—a place you may know, if you have ever been there—and it was a very great satisfaction that I found him just in the nick of time. I found that poor old man deserted by his niggers and by his geographers, deserted by all of his kind except the gorillas—dejected, miserable, famishing, absolutely famishing; but he was eloquent. Just as I found him he had eaten his last elephant, and he said to me: "God knows where I shall get another." He had nothing to wear except his venerable and honorable naval suit and nothing to eat but his diary. But I said to him, "It's all right, I have discovered you, and Stanley will be here by the four o'clock train and he will discover you officially, and then we will turn to and have a regular good time." I said, "Cheer up, Stanley has got corn, ammunition, glass beads, hymn-books, whisky and everything which the human heart can desire; he has got all kinds of valuables, including telegraph poles and a few cart-loads of money. By this time communication has been made with the land of Bibles and civilization, and property will advance." And then we surveyed all that country from Ujiji, through Unanoga and other places, to Uyananyombe. I mention these names simply for your edification, nothing more—do not expect it—particularly as intelligence to the Royal Geographical Society. (Roars of laughter.) And then, having filled up the old man, we were all too full for utterance, and departed, we have since then feasted on honors, Stanley has received a snuffbox, and I received considerable snuff; he has got to write a book and gather in the rest of the credit, and I am going to levy on the copyright and to collect the money. Nothing comes amiss to me—cash or credit; but seriously I do feel that Stanley is the chief man, and an illustrious one, and I do applaud him with all my heart.

Whether he is an American or a Welshman by birth, or one or both, matters not to me. So far as I am personally concerned, I am here to stay a few months, and to see English people, and to learn English manners and customs, and to enjoy myself; so the simplest thing I can do is to thank you for the toast you have honored me with and for the remarks you have made, and to wish health and prosperity to the Whitefriars Club, and to sink down to my accustomed level. (Cheers.)

CAMP BOWIE, A. T., Oct. 2, 1872.

Colonel N. Pope,
Supt. Indian Affairs,
Santa Fe, N. M.

Colonel—At the request of Gen. Howard as per inclosed slip, I write you in substance the letter written General Crook. General Howard got on the trail of Cachoise and some of his followers last Thursday, about forty miles from Silver City, N. M., and followed it with two Indians and five white men, not soldiers, till he succeeded in communicating with one of his ranchmen in the Stein Peak range. They seem to have had enough to eat, but their clothing was poor and in all respects they appeared very shabby. Cachoise was said to be two days distant. The General, Capt. Sliden, A. D. C., Mr. Thomas Jeffers and the two Indians made a journey of some ninety miles into Arizona Territory, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in getting into a rancheria of Apaches in the Dragoon Mountains, some four or five miles south of the Tucson road. The General met Cachoise the next morning, October 1st, at that point and had an interview with him lasting all that day. Cachoise declares that he is anxious to make peace, that he himself has done no mischief since his return from New Mexico but that some of his people separated from himself had done so. He would like Canada Alamosa if he could prevail on all his people to go with him. Cachoise would prefer a reservation at this point (Camp Bowie) provided he could be away from the troops; he says that he would guarantee to protect the Tucson road and all our people in its vicinity running to the Mexican hue, against Indian raids; he seems earnestly desirous that Apache and citizen shall be once more at peace; and said that if the General would wait he would gather all the people he could in five or six days, in the Dragoon Mountains. The General left Captain Sliden and Mr. Jeffers with Cachoise and with one Indian (nephew of Cachoise) started in this direction last evening, reaching here this morning at 7 A. M. He left here at 2 P. M. on his return, taking his ambulance and a wagon loaded with stores and munitions. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
SAMUEL S. SUMNER,
Commanding Post.

—New Mexican.

CLIPPINGS.

Peaches are rotting by the cart-load in Kansas.

Steele's majority for Congress in Wyoming is 271.

Marengo county, Alabama, hires her convicts out at \$8 per month.

The Missouri Pacific Railway is said to regularly have one accident per day.

The Fort Lyon branch of the Kansas Pacific will be completed by Nov. 15th.

The Louisville Exposition has a lock of hair six feet long, cut from the head of a Swiss girl.

A petrified dog, eight feet long and two feet in diameter, is the wonder of Russell county, Kansas.

By the official canvass it appears that Mr. Chaffee's majority in Colorado was 1,336 over Mr. Hunt.

A Tennessee girl, fourteen years old, ran off with a circus because her mother wouldn't let her wear a bustle.

"I came near selling my boots the other day," said John to a friend, "How so?" "Well, I had them half-sold."

A man in Henderson, Kentucky, received thirty-nine lashes on his bare back the other day for some trifling offense.

The farmers of Minnesota will have not less than 20,000,000 bushels of surplus wheat to put in the market this year.

The maddest man in all California is the whose wife wrote him that "the longer she staid away, the better she liked him."

When a man falls down a precipice in Omaha, and they cannot find a rope, they raise the body of whiskey as an elevator.

The surplus wheat in California for this year is estimated at 10,000,000 bushels, or more than twice as much as for any year since 1865.

A Philadelphia advertisement reads: "The upper part of this house to let, containing three rooms, a cellar, kitchen and a back yard."

England is to pay to the United States the gross sum of \$15,500,000 in full satisfaction and settlement of all claims referred to the court of arbitration.

The active and courageous police force of Kansas City has succeeded in arresting two desperate burglars from Omaha, aged respectively five and seven years.

Prince Henry, of Prussia, second son of the crown prince, who is serving simultaneously in the army and the navy, has been promoted to the rank of naval sub-lieutenant.

Lady Franklin, the widow of the lost Arctic explorer, who is aged, almost penniless and in feeble health, is about to be turned out of home in Kensington Gore, London.

A dozen sheets of plate glass, 96 by 168 inches in size, were cast recently at the New Albany, Indiana, plate glass works, to be used for the front of a business house in Chicago.

The inventor of bricks of ice cream is now applying his massive intellect to the manufacture of bricks of milk punch, which will be so put up as to be convenient for carrying in the hat.

Sweedon has three queens; Queen dowager Josephine, mother of the late and present king; queen dowager Wilhelmina, wife of the late king Charles, and queen Sophie, wife of the present king.

This is the worst year that has ever been known in Kansas for pulling guns out of wagons, muzzle first. A woman in Jewell county has just pulled one and now has to part her hair on the side that her only arm is on.

Dollar gold pieces of San Francisco coinage have been put on the market, and meet with ready acceptance. They are of standard value, and are a legal tender, equally with gold, as a circulating medium.